

paper, said, "Take this man to Colonel —, and have him put in irons till we get ready to deal with him."

Accordingly a strong guard escorted me half a dozen miles farther thro' the sand and rain to the headquarters of the 20th New York State Troops.

A cavalryman rode in front and two in rear, with carbines slung across their knees, so that there could be no thought of escape, even if I had been physically able to attempt it.

It was nearly midnight when the cavalcade drew up at a handsome old mansion, surrounded by even handsomer grounds; and the sergeant went in to report to the colonel.

I was now so exhausted, having been without food for two days, that I sat down in the mud, and almost fell asleep, with the rain pouring down my neck and back. At length the centurion of the guard returned with the caitiff of the castle, whereupon the helpless captive was cast into the dungeon; that is to say, an old negro cabin, as filthy and quite as secure as any dungeon, as there were no windows, and a sentry stood post at the single door.

A swift glance at the heavy logs showed the futility of escape; and the young man stretched himself upon the rough floor thankful that he could at least have rest, and sleep! Alas! I had not made allowance for the malice of a petty soul! In a few minutes a gang of young officers crowded into the cabin, and eyed me curiously. Then came on Lieutenant Merritt! (wretched misnomer!) with a bunch of ropes, and a pair of shackles.

"Put out your feet and wrists"—he said gruffly.

"What is your will?" quoth I in amazement.

"I've orders to put you in irons, and the less trouble you give, the better for you."

"Put me in irons! There must be some mistake! I am a prisoner of war, taken honorably with arms in my hands, not disguised, or in any way violating my standing as a soldier. Why, then, this treatment? I protest against it! It is cowardly! I would be ashamed of so treating a helpless prisoner. I am here, caged like a rat,